

Daily Sentinel.

W. E. NELSON, S. E. MORSE,
PUBLISHERS.

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CIRCULATION

Of The "Daily Sentinel."

The following is the circulation of the
"Daily Sentinel" for the week ending De-
cember 13th, 1879:

Monday, Dec. 8	4,368
Tuesday, Dec. 9	4,416
Wednesday, Dec. 10	4,368
Thursday, Dec. 11	4,368
Friday, Dec. 12	4,368
Saturday, Dec. 13	4,488

Total.....26,376

Average for the week.....4,396

Personally appeared before me, Robert A. Meers, a notary public in and for the county of Allen and state of Indiana, William R. Nelson, one of the publishers of the Fort Wayne "Daily Sentinel," who being duly sworn testified that the above is a true statement of the circulation of the "Sentinel" for the above dates.

ROBERT A. MEERS, Notary Public.

The first issue of the Sunday Morning Mail was very creditable. The paper was readable, spicy and entertaining—just what a Sunday paper ought to be, in fact.

THE MAINE BUSINESS.

The SENTINEL is gratified to find that the leading Democratic journals of the country take exactly the same view of the Maine business that we have expressed in these columns. This shows that the Democratic party of the country is consistent in abhorring and denouncing fraud, whether committed by their own partisans or by republicans. Among the journals which have thus expressed themselves are the New York World, Brooklyn Eagle, Buffalo Courier, Boston Post and Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Courier-Journal does not mince matters on this subject. In a terse and vigorous article it uses this language:

We expressed the hope several days ago that the Maine council would not count out a republican majority from the legislature, simply on the ground of technical defects in the election returns. We showed that the mere bulldozing and beating of kettle-drums on the part of BLAINE and his followers were designed to force the council to commit this palpable wrong so that political capital could be acquired by the republican party for use next year. As we understand it republicans have been counted out on the ground of ignorance and negligence on the part of election officers, and not because they were not elected, as several known republican districts are deprived of representation. The result of this Maine count will be just what BLAINE wanted. He will work up the largest republican majority in Maine next year which the state has ever had. The action of the democrats and greenbackers is suicidal, and no more ill-advised course could have been taken.

This Eagle says:
Perhaps no stronger contrast can be made of the difference between knaves and men of honor in public life than is afforded by a comparison of what has happened in Maine with what took place in this state. The officers who canvassed our state vote were all democrats. It was open secret that by going behind returns and throwing out votes they could have found evidence that some of the democratic candidates had, in fact, been elected. It was well known that Mr. POTTER, for instance, could have made a thousand votes by taking advantage of technical errors of election officers, because of trivial defects. Notwithstanding this the democrats were a unit in accepting the result as it was presented in the returns, confining the state canvasses to merely ministerial functions; and Mr. POTTER, when asked for his opinion, explicitly declared that the figures sent in by the various local boards must be accepted. Acting on this honorable principle in Maine, the republican party there would have been greatly weakened during the next year, and might have been defeated at the presidential election.

The democratic party of the country do not approve the action of the Maine board, although it knows that there was a good deal of justification for the course taken by the canvassers.

PERSONAL.

Gen. Grant is not perceptibly gray. Senator Bayard is very fond of home.

The queen of Madagascar gets drunk. Carlyle has a grim, wrinkled, strong gloomy face.

Ouida's *nom de plume* was her childish pronunciation of her name, Louisa. The Archbishop of Canterbury has been visiting the Ex-Emper Eugénie.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso have had no quarrels as yet, and it is therefore certain that the latter gets up and builds the fire.

Gen. Sherman sent a valuable sword to be raffled for at a Roman Catholic fair recently held at Syracuse, N. Y.

Grant disgusted the guests of the

Palmer House, Chicago, by lighting a cigar and smoking it at table in the public dining-room.

King Humbert of Italy, and his wife Margherita, are first cousins. They are both sickly and their only child is not a success.

George Alfred Townsend estimates Mr. Tilden's wealth at \$20,000,000. There is but one logical inference. Tilden is a poor man.

Charles Francis Adams, for the first time in his life, laughed the other day when an agent wanted to sell Mrs. Adams a refrigerator.

Prof. Proctor has two handsome daughters, and yet he expects young men who visit him to take an interest in looking at the stars.

Gambetta practices on the trapeze every morning while his secretary reads in a loud voice all the principal articles of the daily papers.

"Ida Lewis is thirty-seven," says an exchange, "and when the writer of that statement falls into the water he'll have to get himself out."

Queen Victoria's head-keeper at Balmoral has died. The queen sat with his widow during the funeral services and walked in the procession behind the coffin.

The late Mrs. Dickens is said to have seen the volume of her husband's letters recently published while in proof, and expressed her entire approval of the manner in which the collection was put together. Mrs. Dickens was buried at Highgate Cemetery, in a grave which her husband bought years ago, the only occupant of which hitherto has been their infant child, Dora.

The death is announced at Washington on Monday of one of the cleverest and most accomplished of American women, Mrs. Charlotte Brooks Wise, the widow of Capt. Henry A. Wise, United States Navy, and the only daughter of the late Edward Everett. For many years past Mrs. W. has resided at Washington, and her untimely death will leave a sensible void in the most agreeable society of the national capital.

STATE NEWS.

A runaway at Lafayette Friday resulted in a badly wrecked buggy, a badly hurt horse, and a badly bruised Mrs. O'Mara.

Mrs. Grossman and her daughter Matilda, aged 19, living near Twin Lakes, five miles from Plymouth, died last week of trichina.

Last Friday an accident, occasioned by pouring liquid steel into cold water, followed by an explosion, injured John Smith, Henry Young and Frank Kinnetts, employees at the chilled plow works at South Bend.

NEWS NOTES.

Miners at Massillon, Ohio, are on a strike.

The striking brewers at Cincinnati will resume work to-day.

Extreme cold prevails in parts of New York and Canada.

Judge Hazell died at Jamestown, N. Y., Saturday, aged eighty-six.

F. P. Sniffin, editor of the Ripley (O.) Times, died at his residence Sunday.

Another six days' walk commenced at Madison Square Garden, N. Y., Sunday.

The Laclede rolling mills of St. Louis will resume operations January 1st and the Vulcan on the 15th.

In the Friendship-street Baptist Church, at Providence, R. I., Sunday, Mr. H. M. Fisk died of heart disease, almost immediately upon concluding the exhortation and prayer.

The mayor of Toronto has called a public meeting for Tuesday night, to consider the distress prevalent in Ireland, and for devising means for practical and immediate relief.

FOREIGN FLASHES.

The famine in Sebestia is gradually increasing.

The Right Rev. John Alton, bishop of Guilford is dead.

All the members of the French ministry tendered their resignations Sunday.

The Rhine is frozen from Rudesheim to Upper Rheingau. Persons cross on the ice at Bingen.

Parnell sailed from Queenstown Sunday for New York. A detachment of farmers, leading citizens and commissions of Queenstown bade Parnell God-speed on his embarkation. Large crowds assembled to witness his departure and a band played a number of Irish airs at parting.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Two engines were smashed at Round Brook, N. J., Saturday.

At Canton, O., Saturday, George Lexaver was killed in a coal mine by the falling of the roof.

Robert A. Coeg, a letter carrier, was arrested at Chicago, Sunday, charged with rifling letters. He confessed. The amount of his peculations is unknown.

At Franklin, Pa., Sunday, an explosion of gas at the Eclipse lubricating oil works caused the destruction by fire of seven tanks, machinery and five or six hundred barrels of oil. Elmer Smith, one of the employees, was badly burned.

The following fires occurred Sunday: At Milwaukee, the high school was burned; at Richmond, Ind., the roof of the Eastham College; at Montreal, the warehouse of Benning & Barclay; at Pittsburgh, Stoner & McClure's boxfactory; at Milwaukee, Velt's brewery and adjacent buildings.

"MY HEROINE."

(Chamber's Journal for December.)
I'll introduce you to a girl I know.

"Ready?" you ask.

Well, I'll attempt to sketch her portrait, though I fear, however, you'll pronounce her "slow" or nowadays.

We vote a dash of fastness all the go (Excuse the phrase).

She's not accomplished—no, indeed, poor dear.

I dare assert she does not know the latest slang—I fear she's not a flirt.

She could not name the winner of the Oaks. She does not bet; I'm pretty sure she never even smokes a cigarette.

A beauty? Well, she's not considered such.

You girls know best. Her dearest friends do not abuse her much, and that's the test.

Perhaps she has not Mrs. L.—y's eyes. But still so sweet a face to criticize. Were downright sin.

She does not scream when skittish Polly rears.

Not she—and wait. 'Twould do you good to see the way she clears.

A five-barred gate. She cannot sing bravura runs and shakes. A modest but not shorn d d strict.

When seated at "a grand"—but then her calves. Are just divine.

With high-heeled boots she cares not to distort.

Her pretty feet—

Her ill-used feet were not bought. In Regent street.

And still more shocking, I regret to state she cannot be induced to cultivate a wisp-like waist.

You would not in her hair a vestige find of "golden" tinge.

She wears it in a simple, old-fashioned—No trace of "fringe."

Such pretty hair! so lustrous and so long. A modest but not shorn d d strict.

"False, I dare say!" Nay, ma'am, for once your young.

I've seen it down.

RENEE AND FRANZ.

(LE BLEUET.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE HALLER.

"There is a sweetness in pure friendship which mediocre natures can never taste."

"Friendship can exist between persons of different sexes, and still be exempt from all grossness. A woman, however, always regards a man as a man; and in like manner, a man regards a woman as a woman. This affinity is neither passion nor pure friendship; it forms a distinct class—LA BLEUET, *Les Cavares*.

O La Bruyere, who will believe you? Where are the persons who admit the truth of a sentiment, or even of a physical impression which they cannot experience?

It is impossible to avoid making this reflection, in reading the recital which a friend of mine has written. Before allowing him to speak, a word about this friend.

Franz Tilmann was a son of that dreamy, learned, and vigorous country which colonized young America. He was from Alsace, a country of twenty years ago he visited Paris. It was there I knew him. He was a rich and well-educated farmer.

Oh, you need not exclaim! You have seen these peasants. They come here in winter to air their millions; in summer they return home, and gloved to the elbows, their foreheads shaded by broad-brimmed hats, they oversee those labors which make the fields grow golden in the sunshine.

For them the grain of wheat is not alone flour, straw, or compost; it is the plant, the blossom, the fruit. They do not work like blind, stupid machines; they understand what they are doing, and the value of their efforts; in short, they are not sordid, grovelling men; they are men who live close to Nature's heart.

It has been said in France that peasants, if they knew how to read, would blush at the labors of the field. To-day, we have educated peasants, and these are directing a plough.

Franz Tilmann possessed nothing of the nervous vigor of men who belong to the Latin race—those little iron men who move Europe at their caprice. He was essentially German. Blond, tall, a stalwart young Hercules, he had still the tender, sweet expression of a woman or a child.

A glance sufficed to arouse or quicken the warm, red blood, whose ebb and flow were visible beneath the transparent skin.

A man of this type must either be impetuous or melancholy. With him passion would be exaltation of spirit; for him to love would be to dream and die.

His nature interested me. Tilmann was frank, and did not keep back his sympathies; I formed a close friendship with him. When he went away I expressed so much regret at his departure that he promised to send me a journal of his life.

Here is the journal just as I received it.

CHAPTER I.

"The rosebud contains material for a volume."

All living things pass through constant transformation; nothing is stationary or inert; everything has a story that could be told. This must be true; for I, even I, have something to relate.

I completed my studies at a farm called Breithaus. The great farmhouse, which does not possess even the merit of being old, is surrounded by a shallow, greenish pond, and by some trees that are wholly leafless. A tower, once whitewashed, but now defaced, rises pretentiously between two enormous willows, which have perhaps grown distorted from terror at its aspect. Their branches droop low down into the slime, weeping for the limp current which swirls, if left to follow her own free will, would have placed them. Their tears, borne away by the wind, roll in gray pearls along the dusty highway.

No other dwelling is in sight, although for half a league around the little villages jut out into the plain. There is no character in the place or its surroundings; it is a picture from which an artist would flee. You have, therefore, no description to dread.

The sameness of this monotonous site perfectly accorded with my disposition; but all at once, the drowsy

"The blue is a wild flower of a deep blue color, which grows among the corn; in botany, the *Centaurium cyaneum*. It is regarded as an emblem of fidelity."

tranquillity of the place, and of my own nature, ceased.

The proprietor, who leased Breithaus to M. Toquin, reserved the best part of the house for rent during the hunting-season. The chase here was carried on in the open fields, but it furnished choice and abundant game. The arrival of the Duke de B—, the new tenant, was announced. He was a diplomatist, belonging to one of the most eminent of our contemporary families. He had taken up his abode at the farm in the spring, so that he might witness the birth and growth of the rabbits, partridges and quails he was to kill in the autumn. This gentleman brought with him his daughter and his niece, two sisters rather than two cousins.

To see nobles settling down in the midst of her small domain was a terrible blow to the farmer's wife, Madame Toquin—a short, dumpy person, twenty-three years old, who weighed a hundred and sixty-three pounds. When she heard the news, her face changed from its usual red to purple.

The farmer's wife is to the village more than a duchess can be in Paris. Queen of her stables and her poultry, her hens, and her turkeys, she exercises a continual sway over all around her; and, as no one has the right to question her slightest word, she at last comes to regard herself as a really superior kind of being.

Possessed of a fine capital, and mistress of the house, Madame Toquin believed herself seated upon a veritable throne. This throne, however, was so unstable, that a born lady could at any moment overthrow it with the tip of her foot, merely in passing by.

Henceforth, the new-comers would be the sole objects of her attention, and its surrounding villages. Every body would approach them either from motives of profit, or for the honor of obtaining near glimpses of such distinguished personages. The farmer's wife indulged in long and furious tirades on this subject; while the farmer, her husband, who was her only listener, accompanied her with a muttered train of reflections.

This was their way of talking together.

M. Toquin, with his twenty-five years, is a sort of young old man. With him no earthly consideration enters into rivalry with an acre of beet-roots, more or less. He sees in this event only the advantage of having rich tenants. The summer products which he usually sends to the town for sale will find a ready and lucrative market near by. "We shall be making something out of them all the time," thought he, exultantly. The laborers were also delighted at the prospect of having a little novelty at the farm; and they would gaze at the still vacant house, to see if one of the young ladies had not already come.

I alone cared nothing for the extraordinary event.

You well know that our province, on the German side, is divided between two distinct parties, the one belonging to the past, the other to the present, and that each lives its own life. Those who belong to the present, the working-man, the peasant, the citizen, the artist, mingle; those who belong to the past, the aristocracy, form a separate class. While Paris and the great centres advance, the province remains behind, and we find it to-day at that point where Paris was a hundred years ago.

In the province, the nobility assume such prestige that they feel humiliated by mere contact with those of another order. To me, chance distinctions are nothing, and so I remained indifferent to the arrival of the Duke de B—.

I had never seen the great world, not even from a distance. This duke and his family would in all probability pass near me as those splendid carriages pass, into which one has not the right to venture. Who could have told me then that the two young girls who had arrived here would divide my existence between them?

CHAPTER II.

"Love and esteem do not always agree."

The Duke de B— had a lofty air; his tall stature, and his way of bearing himself, were distinguished by native majesty. His manners seemed rather haughty at first, but they were by no means icy. White hair and whiskers softened his face, whose black eyes gave it something of a stern expression.

Prememinently a man of the world, he lived for the present, and was chiefly interested in current events; he passed his time in reading the newspapers and in walking.

The young girls occasionally accompanied him in his walks. They seldom appeared at any other time, and for a fortnight I did not see them. I might even have forgotten that they lived in the house, if Madame Toquin's ill-humor had not reminded me of it.

One morning, when I was out in the yard, I was surprised to see swallows flying close to the duke's window. The pigeons were striving to enter the hall, while the hens and geese flocked around the door.

The swallows had flown there by chance, but I soon saw this was not true of the other fowls. I discerned within the hall a woman, whose white dress showed plainly the outlines of her gracefully-rounded form.

As she flung out grain and bread-crumbs, I saw that she was amusing herself in watching this greedy flock crowd and wrangle. The chickens, trampled upon by the cocks, set up loud cries. This squabble, over the great triumphed over the small, seemed a true picture of human ambition and its grotesque artifices. I was sad rather than merry at the sight. I heard the graceful figure, and I longed to approach. As I did so, the young person who was diverting herself with this malicious child's play appeared on the threshold. For the first time, I saw Madame Auguste, the niece of the Duke de B—.

She was very young, and a blonde. Every one in our Alsace is blond, but I do not remember ever having seen hair like that of this young lady. It was arranged with singular grace, and was lighted up here and there by silvery gleams. She had large, steel-blue eyes, with a proud and fascin-

ating glance. In short, she was so enchanting that I stood there spell-bound by her beauty. But why should she laugh at what saddened me?

I saw Madame Auguste again the next day. She was walking in the garden which lies between the house and the pond. Urged forth, doubtless, by ennui, she soon began to walk there every day. Although I did not seek her, I often found her—too often, for I at length saw no one except herself.

Our methods of land-culture appeared to interest the duke, and he sometimes talked with me about them. One day I managed to lead the conversation to a more congenial topic—the beautiful Auguste.

I learned that she was an orphan, and that her uncle had charge of her fortune, which was only moderate. I learned also that she was proud of her name and of her beauty, and had set her heart so high that it would be very difficult to attain it. Her uncle had tried to find a husband for her, but he had never hit upon a suitor rich or noble enough, in her estimation. I said, mentally, that this beautiful young girl could surely never give thought to me, that she had not noticed me, and never would notice me.

In the country, men are very nearly alike. One must observe them narrowly to perceive that some have been better reared than others; the dust of the highway falls equally upon laborer and proprietor. I said this to myself, but I did not believe it. And, moreover, if Madame Auguste did not seek me, she certainly did not shun me; she often came and joined her uncle, when she saw him with me.

I knew that she was proud, and I set about finding other faults in her. I found them easily. She seemed to me vain and frivolous, and not likely to ever love any one. I hoped that these imperfections would drive her from my thoughts. The hope was vain. I ceased to esteem her, but the love with which she inspired me remained unchanged. Reason enlightened me without dispelling the passion which had invaded my heart. In spite of the distance that separated us, in spite of the protests of my reason, I could not help constantly thinking of Auguste. She had rendered me powerless, she had taken me captive, and I could not recover my liberty.

This love was a master who had thrown me a slave at his feet, and I felt that I could never rise. Resistance was no longer possible. I was ashamed of my weakness, and yet unable to overcome it, I left Breithaus. But the danger allured me; the next day I was back again. To remain silent was the only strength now left me. I vowed mentally that no one should know what was passing in my heart; and I loved on, cursing the fatality which had placed this young girl in my path, and so rendered my present unhappy, my future hopeless.

CHAPTER III.

"Knowledge is power."

Two months after the arrival of the B— family at Breithaus—for me two centuries of suffering and an inward conflict—village festival took place in the neighborhood. Auguste wanted to go, from curiosity, and her uncle consented to take her and let her see for a few minutes the villagers dance. The duke preferred walking to the *fete* grounds, and asked me the way. I pointed it out to him, and he started with his niece.

It was Sunday; I was at liberty, and would gladly have shown the way in person, but I dared not propose it. I walked sadly in the garden, gazing wistfully after the duke and Auguste.

From this point the character of my story becomes unusual. The wind-blows of the Breithaus dwelling over looked, on one side, the garden, the shallow pond, and the fields beyond it; on the other they opened upon the farm-yard. The day had been warm, and Madame Auguste de B—, whom I had not yet seen, had seated herself at one of the open windows, doubtless to breathe the cool air.

There I saw her for the first time. I had, indeed, in my walks, perceived at a distance a form more slender than Auguste's, but that was all. I was inclined to believe this young person prouder even than her cousin, because she did not deign to make herself visible. The duke in repudiating his niece, always proposed his daughter as a model; he was in the habit of citing her as a young lady versed in all the proprieties, and I had formed a vague idea that this embodiment of so many perfections must be a very disagreeable person.

"Why, is it you, monsieur?" she said, as soon as she perceived me. "Do go! My father expected you to accompany him and Auguste; this very moment they are no doubt accusing you of indifference, and are angry with you. Go immediately, and never fear. I believe they won't rather forgive you than blame you."

I was overjoyed at the thought that happiness had at last entered my life. I gave some sort of commonplace answer, and started on the run. Those words, "They would rather forgive you than blame you," kept recurring to my mind, and I involuntarily repeated them aloud as I hurried on.

At last I overtook the duke and his niece; I guided them, and thanks to the confidence Madame Auguste de B— had given me, I remained the whole evening near Auguste! We did not return home until half-past eleven. No time was left me for slumber. I did not enter the house, I remained in the field. I threw myself upon the ground, and with my head buried in the wheat, my eyes lost in the purple of the rising sun, I wondered if all this had really happened. That vision I had seen at the window again appeared. Madame Auguste de B— had left me, as it were, the vague remembrance of a dream whose vanishing outlines retained no distinctness. Her head was the head of a child rather than of a woman; in fact, it was not a head, but masses of wavy hair. The folds of her dress seemed too deep to inclose a human form. She possessed those imaginary traits we lend to beings we can neither comprehend nor see: the traits of the angel, of the muse for whom we wish and long, whom we seek continually, although we know that they do not and cannot

exist. Was this a woman or a shadow, this being I had seen, and who had changed my despondency into hope, my sorrow into joy?

Whatever it might be, the vision had said to me in its voice: "Look at me and hope; you must be happy, I desire it!" and I was happy. I believed, and I no longer suffered. My love for Auguste had become doubly dear. Everything seemed grand and beautiful to me. The earth was all at once peopled with sympathetic beings, and I longed for the power to impart hope and happiness to others, as I had received them—in a smile from Renee.

Renee is her name. I do not ask myself how or where I shall become more intimately acquainted with her; I know that this will happen.

MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR'S BALL.

Opening of the New Art Gallery and Debut of Her Daughter, Miss Caroline Astor.

(New York World.)

Mrs. William Astor gave a grand ball last evening at her residence, corner Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, to introduce into society her youngest daughter, Miss Caroline Astor.

Miss Astor's eighteenth birthday. The Astor ball-room has been recently refitted and redecorated by Marcotte and converted into an art gallery. It was thrown open for the first time last evening. The decorations are a modern version of the style of the thirteenth century. Subdued colors predominate, relieved by lines and figures of gold. The different shades are so exquisitely blended as to produce a harmonious and pleasing general effect. Paintings collected by Mr. Astor in Europe are hung upon the walls. The most conspicuous among the large pictures are "La Rosa," by Jules Fefevre, occupying the central position on the right wall; a cattle piece, by Van Marcke, in the same position on the left wall; and "The Retreat," by Edouard Detaille, on the wall opposite the entrance, and "The Master's Eye," a pastoral scene, by Troyon, on the right wall near the entrance.

Among the cabinet pictures are "Arab Horses," by Fromentin, on the left side near the door, and "Sampson and Delilah," by Cabanel, near by and partly under "La Rosa." The ball-room is furnished in blue velvet. There were no floral decorations in the ball-room, but the parlors and dining-room presented the appearance of a conservatory, where vases, baskets and plateaus of cut flowers were met with at every turn. Hector Leroux's picture, "Les Danaides," which hangs in the hall opposite the spacious airway, was inclosed in a frame of smilax mingled with Poinsettia and cut flowers. The pictures in the parlors and dining-room were similarly adorned. There were dressings of smilax and rosebuds also on all the chandeliers in the parlors and hall. The stair case was festooned with the same flowers arranged in pointed scroll-work—each point tipped with a Calla lily. Over the mirror in the middle parlor, where Mr. and Mrs. Astor and their daughter received their guests was placed a large floral representation of the Astor crest, with the motto "Semper Fidelis" in letters of red immortelles. The most elaborate floral design was suspended over the entrance to the ball room. It displayed the name of the debutante—"Caroline"—in letters of a foot in length, which was composed of white carnations and camellias, and the interstices were filled in with white and tea roses. This design was so placed that it could be read either in the dining hall or ball room. The supper table was adorned with an immense silver flower stand containing one large cone-shaped center piece of cut flowers, overtopped by a growing palm, and two side pieces of cut flowers without the palm. The floral decorations were by Ekirch & Wilson. The supper was by Pinard. The music was by two bands—Bernstein's in the hall and Lander's in the ball room.